

MUSIC.

THE NEW OPERA SEASON.

The reopening of the Academy of Music last night gave the numerous friends and admirers of Mr. Max Maretz a good opportunity to show their confidence in his ability to satisfy the public with a respectable musical entertainment, and we are happy to say that the music was the well-worn old material.

The European Circus is to stay with us another week under canvas on Thirty-fourth-st., near Broadway. It has prospered from the start. Its various attractions are offered every afternoon and evening. Several new performances had been added to the program. The Charlatan, an American clown of phenomenal celebrity, Robinson, the champion rider, takes part in each performance given at this circus.

Signor Blitz is to stay with us another week under canvas—but the house was well filled—or rather crowded—with a very fashionable and gorgous audience, even the stockholders' boxes were tenanted, and the box office was liberal and hearty applause. Mr. Maretz, who is in his place at the conductor's desk, was welcomed with repeated salutes, and was obliged to rise two or three times in acknowledgment before the introduction could begin. The cast, if not a brilliant was a good one. Mrs. States, the *Louisa* of the evening, made a decided impression at Pike's Opera House last evening. Her strong, mellow, and ringing voice, which is now one of the best that have been heard in New-York for many years, and last night she fully justified the praise which she received. She is not a real *aria*, but in certain kinds of music, especially that of Verdi, her vigorous musical eloquence produces a very acceptable effect. In the tower scene she made a decided hit. Madia Cellini, who appeared in the character of *Aurelio*, is a singer of the same class—having a rich and powerful voice, somewhat lacking flexibility, and a sturdy declamatory style which suits the part of the gypsy well. Brigitte was the *Mariuccia*. He is too well known in this favorite role for us to waste words in criticism of his performance; we need only say that he equalled his former successes, and was cordially received, his *Ah! che la morte*, in particular, rousing a well deserved enthusiasm. Orlando's *De Lucia* we have often commended hereto, for its artistic refinement and the good taste which is apparent in nearly everything he does. His *Bilbo* was, as usual, upon the whole, we may pronounce the opening an auspicious one. Whatever fears may have been entertained as to the completeness of Mr. Maretz's appointments may be dismissed as unfounded. Everything was done decently and in order. The chorus numbered thirty-three—quite enough for ordinary occasions—and was in very good order, and the orchestra was unquestionable.

To-night the German half of the troupe appear in Beethoven's masterpiece, "Fidelio," and Gen. Grant will be present. To-morrow LaGrange is to sing in "Robert le Diable."

THE DRAMA.

AFTER DARK AT NIBLO'S.

On all the available fences and dead walls of the city there appeared last week an extraordinary picture. It represented, in the distance, a large white moon, shining through some dirty slate-colored clouds, over a collection of misshapen church spires; and, in the foreground, an ugly squint-eyed woman very thick at the waist, projecting herself, with much devotional composure of aspect, toward a sheet of blue and white water, inclosed by numerous pieces of timber. The legend around this work of art, "After Dark; or, London by Night," connected the picture with Mr. Boucicault's new play, and made it, so to speak, a word of promise, portending ample displays of metropolitan misery and female suicide. Distributed far and wide, by the industrious and energetic hill-poster, to whose many efforts the modern drama is largely indebted, this grim emblem so moved the mighty heart of the people that a great multitude came last night to Niblo's Garden to see Mr. Boucicault's new play, and to have its soul harrowed, its young blood frozen, and its susceptible back refreshed by cold chills, in conformity with the promise of the auspicious playbill. Expectation thus artificially excited, was artfully fulfilled. "After Dark" introduced its guidors into the society of thieves, bushrangers, convicts, and scoundrels generally, together with representatives of the working-classes of London, and the English aristocracy. Also, it familiarized the spectator's mind with such impressive objects as a railway station, the arches under a bridge over the Thames, a music hall, and the dark tunnel of an underground railway. Still further, on the Squier's principle of education—which, as the reader may remember, was to make the pupil spell "winter," and then go and wash it—fixed these objects in the memory by associating them with some incidents exceedingly practical to the perception of the observer. From the Bridge, for example, a lady sprang overboard; it was a pretty, interesting, and talented lady, Miss Louisa Moore, who has never before acted in New-York, but who is sure to become a favorite); and was rescued from the perils of the deep. In the music hall, a soldier—guardian angel in trousers, of the aristocratic cab-man who figured a hero of the drama—was dragged into an insensible condition, robed, and thrust into a cellar. In the underground railway tunnel this same drugged soldier was put upon the car track, and left to run over and killed; as certainly he would have been, had not "Old Tom," an individual with a name that is strongly suggestive of London gin, burst through a neighboring wall, and dragged him off just in the nick of time; when a big train of cars, engine and all, were thundering by, in a high state of energetic velocity. The recalcitrant object was immediately recognized by the intelligent audience, and was greeted with vociferous applause. Indeed, as we have intimated, all the "real tubs" were borne in upon the popular understanding by association with emphatic incidents. The result was, of course, gratifying in the extreme. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that, in every direction, knotted and combined locks were seen to part, hairs, particular and otherwise, to stand on end. Thus Mr. Boucicault, and Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, and all concerned in the matter, have their reward. "After Dark" can be played with profit for a long time. Those among its spectators, last night, who seriously inquired what all this frantic stage-carpentry and scene-painting was about, must have been a little dismayed on meeting so many old theatrical appearances, long since quietly ingested. There was the lost heir to fine estates driving a cab, and waiting to be found. There was the young lady whom he must marry if he would come by his own. There was the bill that he forged in his time of distress. There were the scoundrels who knew of his crime, and supposed to make the knowledge lucrative, whenever he should become rich.

"They came," as Mr. Langlois observes, "the shapes of joy and woe, the airy ghosts of long ago." Only—they were not very—airy. Ponderous, rather, it seemed to me. But, high—very high, there they were; and they proved that Mr. Boucicault has a good memory. Let us also add that they were so grouped, and managed as to show that his hand has not lost its cunning, in the matter of construction. As to spirit, his "After Dark" is the quintessence of the commonplace and the vulgarly romantic. Except in one scene, it does not rise above the level of those story papers, in which all the men wear coats and tapers and have their hair curled, and all the women wear silk and diamonds, and expose fat bosoms, and recline in lovely languor upon satin sofas. But, as to construction, it is uncommonly neat and compact. The exceptional scene to which we have alluded is one which shows the hero's wife, who has been saved from suicide, arrayed in the clothes of the lady whom he is wed, and receiving from his lips the assurance that his heart is with the wife whom he supposes to be dead. There is a touch of nature here, as well as a touch of dramatic art, which shows Mr. Boucicault's talent, at its neatest. Exception should also be made in favor of the scene in which Old Tom recognizes his daughter. The style of the piece, throughout, so far as language is concerned, is clear and sharp. The experienced dramatist of course makes his people talk in character. This is a literary virtue; but it is not of much account where all is literary vice. In "After Dark" we have old materials skillfully worked over, and fashioned into an effective theatrical form; but the result is a drama of a kind that has greatly injured the stage, by wreathing it from its true purpose—the illustration of human nature in the course of its development under the pressure of natural circumstances and moral discipline—and making it tributary to the mere photography of the gritters, and the scenes illumination of the police reports. Everything needless has been done at Niblo's Garden to give the piece a good setting. The scenic pictures were strong, and had all the appearance of faithful copies of the original localities. The railway car, etc., not telling us what it is, but showing us what it is, was the chief merit. But the defect was necessarily remedied. The setting was quite adequate to the demands of the play. Miss Louisa Moore, Mr. Bangs, and Mr. Marlowe won the honors of the performance. But to this portion of the representation we shall advert more leisure.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"Under the Gaslight" may be seen at the New-York Theatre during the next two or three weeks. The Wessel Sisters are to reappear, early in December.

The Countess Von Baerendorf, who made her first appearance here on the 6th inst., at the Stadth Theatre, is still playing there, and has been warmly welcomed by the German theatre-going population.

It should be remembered that matinees are given at the Olympic Theatre on Wednesdays, as well as Saturdays. Let the young folks take the benefit of the new fashion. The introduction to this piece, by the way, ought to be cut off. It is interminably bold, and painful.

A Humorous Reading and a Concert are to be given on Wednesday evening, at Apollo Concert Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth-st., in which Mr. C. L. Smith, who is the author of "Walkley," the introduction to this piece, will participate.

"After Dark" goes on at the Bowery. The inspection has been made by Judge Barnes, has been re-

ceived, and the license issued.

The NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1868.

HOME NEWS.

THE WEATHER.

NEW YORK, Home Ther. Bar. Wind. Hour Ther. Bar. Wind.
Nov. 16.—7 34° 30.40 N. E. 6 42° 30.40 N. E.
8 32° 30.40 N. E. 10 20° 30.40 N. E.
12 42° 30.40 N. E. 14 20° 30.40 N. E.

REMARKS.—Morning—Clear; hairy from 7 to 10; little hairy to 12. Afternoon—Little hairy to 2; hairy to 4; breaking—Little hairy to 12; very cloudy and overcast to 14; clear to 12.

THE CONDUCTORS.

The conductors on the Central Railroad of New-York appeared in a neat uniform yesterday.

Mr. De Cordova will lecture on "Mrs. Grundy" at Pike's Music Hall, on Thursday evening.

The Board of Education will hold a stated session at the half, corner of Grand and Elm-sts., to-morrow, at 5 p.m.

SENIOR N. B. MEDINA, the Secretary of Legation of Peru, acknowledged the receipt of \$26,464 in aid of the sufferers by the earthquakes in Peru and Ecuador.

The British Government is said to have caused to send money to this country by the Hamburg American Steamship Company's steamer.

The Rev. Otto Bergner, Dr. John Phillips, George Jones, and J. Coburn and wife sailed in the Rising Star, yesterday, for California.

Workmen are laying down an experimental square of the Stafford wooden pavement in Wall-st., opposite the Custom-House.

ANNA MILLHORN, aged 13 years, residing at No. 66 South Fifth-st., Brooklyn, E. D., yesterday fell down the hatchway of No. 27 John-st., and was seriously injured.

ANNA MILLHORN, aged 13 years, was entombed in a casket in the parlor of the home of her parents, at No. 27 John-st., Brooklyn, E. D., yesterday, after a service.

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